

MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL

OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1883.

PRICE, \$1 65 PER YEAR

VOLUME XIV.

NUMBER 15.

"PRACTICE WITH THEORY AND SCIENCE."

CONTENTS.

<i>Agricultural</i> . Mistakes in Farming—Are Michigan Sheep Deteriorating—The Typical Apple Orchard—Sale of the Clapp Herd—Salt as a Fertilizer—Sheep-Shearing—Stock Notes—The British Grain Trade.....	1
<i>Horse Matters</i> —Selected Breeds—Horses—Horse Notes—The British Grain Trade.....	2
<i>Horticultural</i> . The Recent Horticultural Exhibition to New York—Other Horticultural Societies—Labeling Trees—Grafting the Common Cherry—Lilacs—Wisteria—Oats—Hops—Barley—Carrots and Potatoes—Dairy Products—Hops and its Defenses—The State Agricultural College—Michigan—Grazing—Forsyth—Farm Law—Buying Fruit Trees—Term of Draul Commissioner—Area Division Fences Necessary—.....	4
<i>Domestic</i> . Nursing the Baby—The Lost Chord—.....	4
<i>Miscellanea</i> .—The Governor's Story—Fictional Electricity—The Perfect Milk Cow—Native Potatoes—The Perfect and Aryshire for Agricultural Items.....	5
<i>Horticultural</i> .—Silk-Worm Eggs on Cards—Kaiser William's Buttons—.....	6
What Happened to Lord Lovell—Leadville Metal Valley—.....	6
<i>Domestic</i> .—Domestic Boudoir—Theories—A Lecture on Matrimony—.....	7
<i>Veterinary</i> .—Rheumatism in a Cow—Premature Birth—Strain in Parturition—Mehanosis—.....	8
<i>Commercial</i>	8

ARE MICHIGAN SHEEP DETERIORATING.

LOGAN, N. Y., April 3d, 1883.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the FARMER of March 27th, I notice the following, to wit: "It looked at one time as if our Michigan sheep would hardly reach the prices in the markets this year which they brought in 1882. The large receipts of sheep from the west this season have been the chief factor in keeping down the prices of Michigan sheep," etc. Now, Mr. Editor, why not own the truth, and say to your readers that it is on account of the large numbers of the farmers of Michigan, who have been induced to use pure bred Merino rams in their flocks, to the extent of deteriorating the mutton value of their flocks, while they have increased the weight of fleece by producing a small percentage more wool, and a large percentage more gum, grease or oil. They have at the same time produced a class of sheep whose mutton propensities are very much inferior to what the flock originally was; consequently buyers, who have heretofore gone to Michigan for good mutton and feeding sheep, have been compelled to go to other States to get what they wanted. Formerly, thousands of Michigan wethers were brought into Western New York every fall, and sold to the farmers in small lots, to be fed during the winter for the New York market; but Michigan has ceased to produce what we want, or only in limited numbers, so our buyers go to other places. I do not wish to be understood as saying that there are no good mutton sheep in Michigan, but the number is small, in proportion to the number of sheep kept in the State, and will remain so until Michigan flock owners get the wool from over their eyes, and can be made to see that the money made in breeding and handling sheep does not come wholly from the wool that grows on its back. A sheep that shears five or six pounds of wool, and at the same time produces a yearly lamb that sells readily for six to eight dollars in Detroit market in December, as your market quotations have shown that Mr. Newton's, Mr. Moore's and a few others have done, is certainly a better investment for the farmer than a sheep that shears a fleece of eight or ten pounds weight, and produces a lamb that will not sell to exceed two dollars and a half.

I occasionally notice the writings of some who in their imagination produce Merino wethers that weigh 130 lbs. to 150 lbs.; but when said wethers get to Buffalo, we find a sheep whose size was either a Cotswoold or a Shropshire. If a first-class mutton sheep was ever yet produced by the continued use of pure bred Merino rams in a flock, for I would like to see it. No one disputes the value of the Merino as a producer of fine wool; but nevertheless, if the sheep-breeders of Michigan desire to take rank as producers of first-class mutton, and stop those mean western sheep from spoiling their market, they will have to use something beside Merino rams to grade up their flocks with. We of New York have found something that tastes better; and no amount of talk can change our taste in the least. Every breeder in Michigan that produces good mutton, (I conclude from your market reports and comments) has never yet failed to ready purchasers and remunerative prices when his sheep were sent to Buffalo. The Merino breeders of Michigan may organize visiting parties, and travel from one end of the State to the other, and you may go along, Mr. Editor, and assist in helping them tell each other that no breed of sheep excels the Merino as a mutton sheep. It don't make it so. When the sheep get to the judges' stand (the market at Buffalo or New York City) those inferior (so-called) sheep, without a fold or wrinkle on the whole body, nor any lamb-black and oil on their fleece to keep the water out, but perhaps with a smutty face and black legs, take the prize, and their owners never complain of poor mutton. DO SWEAD.

Our correspondent hardly talks by the card when he states that the continued use of pure bred Merinos has detracted from the value of Michigan flocks, or that they are less sought after by feeders from the eastern States. It is a positive fact that never were feeders in greater demand by New York parties than during last fall, and the result was that many of them could not get all they wanted and were obliged to go elsewhere. These are cold facts, and can be established. Now as to actual sales and prices of Michigan sheep in the Buffalo market, the best way to settle that matter is to refer to the record. We therefore copy the principal sales of Michigan sheep that market the last week in October for the years 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882. Will our correspondent show where the great depreciation comes in?

Tuesday, Oct. 28, 1879.—Market quiet. Most of the sheep sold were Michigan. A deck and a car load of them sold at \$3 20@3 50; 220, av 97 lbs., sold at \$3 10; 197, av 89 lbs., sold at \$3 40; 75 lambs, av 65 lbs., at \$4 40.

Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1879.—Received light, and market firm. Sales of Michigan sheep were as follows: 40, av 85 lbs., at \$4 40; 50, av 92 lbs., at \$4 25; 221, av 75 lbs., at \$3 85; 30 lambs, av 61 lbs., at \$4 40; 100 sheep, av 93 lbs., at \$4 30. Market closed.

Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1881.—Market quiet; sales were made of good 80 to 90 lb. sheep at \$3 25@4; good 90 to 100 lbs. sheep at \$3 50@4 20; 100 lbs. sheep at \$3 75@4 50.

Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1882.—Market opened dull,

with 30 car loads on sale. Reports from the eastern market are that prices were lower than on previous day. We note sales of 115 Michigan sheep av 82 lbs., at \$4 20; 76, av 121 lbs., at \$5 12@5 145 lambs, av 67 lbs., at \$5 40; 59, av 68 lbs., at \$5. At the close, 80 to 90 lbs. sheep sold \$4 25@4 50; extra 100 to 120 lbs., \$4 75@5 25.

At this date in 1882, the wool markets were very much depressed, owing to the uncertainty in regard to what Congress would do with the wool tariff, while the receipts in the Buffalo market were fully 25 per cent larger than at the same date the previous year. No doubt our correspondent believes he is stating facts when he says the character of our sheep is being spoiled by grading up with pure bred Merino bucks; but we have yet to meet the farmer who is willing, after a test of the mutton sheep with the abused Merino, to give up the latter and confine himself to the former. As to Mr. Thomas Moore, whose interesting letters in the FARMER over a year ago in favor of mutton sheep for Michigan, attracted so much attention, we have not heard from him personally for some time. But if our correspondent visits the farm where he is now located, near Ypsilanti, he will, no doubt to his great astonishment, find him tending a flock of fine wool. The hard logic of actual experience and facts seems to have spoiled Mr. Moore's taste for long wool or middle wool mutton.

With the editor of the FARMER the best breed of cattle, horses, sheep or swine is the one that will return the greatest profit to the farmer for the smallest outlay, no matter what that breed may be. Long observation has convinced him that in the system of agriculture pursued in this State, the Merino sheep is a necessity to the successful farmer. Perhaps the day may come, when, with a more intense system of farming than now prevails, a breed of sheep may be required with different characteristics from the Merino, but at present it will be best, we fully believe, to stick to the despised oily, greasy, wrinkly Merino—the animal that returns more money to the farmers of Michigan for his food and care than any other on the farm.

In this connection we annex a clipping from a western paper, written by an Iowa farmer. His experience seems to be precisely similar to that of the farmers in this paper.

possible on account of pendant branches, and the little hillocks on one side and hollows on the other, shows that the furrows were always turned the same way until stopped by the inevitable. While corn and wheat and oats could be grown in the orchard no complaint was made of unprofitableness, but this enforced stoppage of the everlasting plowing, has raised a wail of distress, and the old trees are accused of barrenness—of furnishing a harbor for injurious insects and many other slanderous vices, for which the tree is not alone responsible. The trees in many orchards were set too near each other, and in a few years there was a strangle to which should overtop the other. An apple falling from some of these heights would have set Newton's thoughts running in another direction, and the old law of gravitation might have been left to be solved by the owner of a fresh diploma.

The experience taught by these failures would be of value in the setting of new orchards. One great mistake on thin soils was in setting too many trees, and in setting those on too low land. Forty trees in a good location, well cared for, would have been much better in every way. They would have given as much fruit in the same time as two hundred trees of the usual type found on farms. These 40 trees set 33 feet each way, would have covered an acre, which might have easily been covered with manure each alternate or bearing year. This would have caused a uniform, healthy growth, and the trees would still be bearing good crops of excellent fruit. If the trees were contiguous to the house or farm yards, the plot could be utilized for a hog yard, and the animals would pick up the wormy fruit and lessen the number of worms that might otherwise survive. These worms, however, are too sharp to be caught in every apple that falls. When an apple is so nearly worthless as to drop its hold, it becomes distasteful to the little gourmand within, and he makes a nimble exit for pastures fresh and new. He selects an apple partly covered by a leaf, under which he tunnels out a new abode, while the pig is eating his former habitation.

The only remedy left for unproductive orchards is to dig out or saw down level with the ground one-half the trees, topdress heavily with manure and await the issue. If this does not remedy the difficulty in a few years, dig out the remainder, and set a new orchard on a better location in well prepared soil, and keep it rich by appropriate fertilizers. In every old orchard, such as is here described, there are trees which individually produce more apples, of better quality, than a half dozen of the seedling, worthless varieties. The trees have survived the perils of severe winters, the drought of summer, and all the other vicissitudes to which trees are exposed in this climate. This proves their adaptation to locality, and is a sure guide in the choice of trees for setting a new orchard. The orchards of Southern Michigan do not furnish one-tenth the amount of marketable fruit they should from the number of trees set. Many of the trees are standing on good soil, and might yet be grafted to better market sorts. In many orchards fully one-half the trees ripen their fruit at a period when they are worthless from very excess. One tree ripening at a time, is all that is necessary for the use of any fruit. The suggestion that the remainder can be sold is utterly valueless from the fact that they must be shipped away in order to find sale, and to the ordinary farmer with a press of work on his hands, this is not a paying business. An occasional shipment from a stranger is gobbled up by the commission man, and whether good, bad or indifferent, such are always returned as sold at the minimum price on the market. The farmer sets his teeth to grieve and says: "Not any more for me." Express packages and labor absorb all the profits, and so he tells the neighbors to help themselves to a crop he has been years in preparing to reap. From the ten Baldwin trees set in the hundred, he receives more money and more gratification than for the ninety trees comprising the remainder. This remainder consists of twenty or more kinds, selected on the reputation they sustained in some other State, rather than from their adaptation to present needs and conditions. The general idea that a variety consists in getting all the kinds that nurseries have in stock is what has spoiled so many orchards. Fifteen trees will carry a family through a summer season of excesses if winter, and no more should be set in any farmer's orchard for family use. If a person has not the experience to select for himself, he had better acknowledge it by asking advice. The wretched judgment exercised in selecting trees for an orchard lies exposed along every highway of our State, and it would seem that the next generation, profiting from this general failure, might secure to themselves a greater measure of success than falls to the lot of this.

Aside from poor selection, bad cultivation, or an excess of cultivation has ruined many orchards. The trees while young seemed to thrive under constant cultivation and cropping, and this course was continued, giving no thought to the wherewithal it shall be fed, until the soil is too poor to grow crops, and the trees are starved. Thousands of orchards on sandy soil are starved in this way. They were plowed until plowing became im-

SALE OF THE CLAPP HERD OF SHORTHORNS.

BYRON, Shiawassee Co., Mich., April 2d, 1882.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

SIR—I see some inquiry in the FARMER as to the value of salt as a fertilizer. I have had some experience in the use of salt as a fertilizer, and think it has a more marked effect on a barley crop than any upon which I have experimented, or which has passed under my observation, unless it was on a crop of potatoes planted by one of my neighbors. He put a handful of salt and ashes into each hill before covering them. The result was it killed them entirely.

Stock Notes.

MR. GEO. W. JUDSON, of Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo County, has sold to W. M. Griswold of Vermontville, a Shorthorn bull calf.

At the auction sale of Mr. Clapp, of Wixom, last week, Mr. Wm. Graham, of Rochester, purchased the fine Berkshire boar Young Tombs 4081, by imported Royal Tomb 693, out of Duchess of Liverpool 7838 by Young Lord Liverpool 2431.

MESSRS. L. W. & O. BARNES, of Byron, report the following recent sales of Poland Chinas from their herd:

To J. O. Willard, Linden, one boar pig.

To C. Clark, Grand Blanc, two sow pigs.

To S. A. Barnes, Charlotte, one boar pig.

Mr. W. C. WIXOM of Wixom, Oakland Co., reports the following recent sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To James G. Boyes, Holland, Ottawa Co., bull Atlantic Prince 42768, by Atlantic 31658, out of 9th Western Lady, by Knightley Wiley 20983.

To W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, the Gwynne herd Marion Gwynne 2d, by Earl Hillhurst 23028, out of Woodward Gwynne 2d by Marquis of Geneva 1949.

Mr. Wixom has two good yearling bulls, fit for service, which he will put with at reasonable figures. They are well bred, in fine growing condition, and any one in want of a young bull will do well to look them over.

Mr. W. E. BOYD, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales of Shorthorns from his herd:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

To Merritt Peckham, Parma, Stub, by Joe Brown 17418, out of Julia Belle, by Splendor 18363, by high grade calf Pride Napier by Lord Barrington 23015, out of Kate Napier by Imp. Robert Napier.

To H. C. Richardson, Sandstone, Michigan, heifer Ella Gwynne (Vol. 20, A. H. B.), by Vanquish Aldrie 3610, out of Oxford Gwynne 2d by 4th Duke of Wellington 18100. Also heifer Anna Webster, by Charmer 41603, out of Bright Eyes 4th by Warner 18318.

Mr. W. E. BOYD, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales of Shorthorns from his herd:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

To Merritt Peckham, Parma, Stub, by Joe Brown 17418, out of Julia Belle, by Splendor 18363, by high grade calf Pride Napier by Lord Barrington 23015, out of Kate Napier by Imp. Robert Napier.

To H. C. Richardson, Sandstone, Michigan, heifer Ella Gwynne (Vol. 20, A. H. B.), by Vanquish Aldrie 3610, out of Oxford Gwynne 2d by 4th Duke of Wellington 18100. Also heifer Anna Webster, by Charmer 41603, out of Bright Eyes 4th by Warner 18318.

Mr. A. S. BROOKS of Wixom, Oakland Co., reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

To W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, the Gwynne herd Marion Gwynne 2d, by Earl Hillhurst 23028, out of Woodward Gwynne 2d by Marquis of Geneva 1949.

Mr. Wixom has two good yearling bulls, fit for service, which he will put with at reasonable figures. They are well bred, in fine growing condition, and any one in want of a young bull will do well to look them over.

Mr. W. E. BOYD, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

To Merritt Peckham, Parma, Stub, by Joe Brown 17418, out of Julia Belle, by Splendor 18363, by high grade calf Pride Napier by Lord Barrington 23015, out of Kate Napier by Imp. Robert Napier.

To H. C. Richardson, Sandstone, Michigan, heifer Ella Gwynne (Vol. 20, A. H. B.), by Vanquish Aldrie 3610, out of Oxford Gwynne 2d by 4th Duke of Wellington 18100. Also heifer Anna Webster, by Charmer 41603, out of Bright Eyes 4th by Warner 18318.

Mr. W. E. BOYD, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

To Merritt Peckham, Parma, Stub, by Joe Brown 17418, out of Julia Belle, by Splendor 18363, by high grade calf Pride Napier by Lord Barrington 23015, out of Kate Napier by Imp. Robert Napier.

To H. C. Richardson, Sandstone, Michigan, heifer Ella Gwynne (Vol. 20, A. H. B.), by Vanquish Aldrie 3610, out of Oxford Gwynne 2d by 4th Duke of Wellington 18100. Also heifer Anna Webster, by Charmer 41603, out of Bright Eyes 4th by Warner 18318.

Mr. W. E. BOYD, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Princess, by Earl of Argyle 19663, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also by high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Raschid 1585.

Horse Matters.

Selecting Breeding Horses.

Our readers have not failed to see that we have an enduring faith in good, useful horse stock. Under the term "useful," we, of course, include good horses for every use, whether this be to hitch to a three-ton truck-load or to a hundred-pound road wagon. There is no better time for the farmer to plan for spring than during the leisure hours of winter. If it is desirable to change breeding stock, with a view to improvement, there is no better time to do this than during the period between now and the season for coupling. Settle down upon the description of horse which it is wise to breed, as you are situated, and cast about for a foundation, if you have not already got it on your farm. The enterprise, too, among the stallion owners has never been more active than now, and the range for selection will be ample. Through the experience acquired in past years, while the opportunities have not been so good as could be desired, nor the foundation such as was approved, lessons have been learned that should be equal to any emergency. Farmers have too often deceived themselves by adhering to a horse because he was good at farm work, not looking far enough ahead to see that if sold for hard street service, his legs, or hoofs, or perhaps both, would fail him. The dealer is not slow to see these tendencies, and either discounts heavily, or rejects altogether. The foot and leg of the horse are a study mastered but by few; yet, every man who breeds from a single pair of mares should learn, partly by reading, but mainly by observation, the peculiarities of hoof and limb that will carry a horse, on hard pavements at least one-half of his working life, without his becoming a confirmed cripple. —Farmers' Advocate.

A Place for Honest Men to Avoid.

The *Turf*, *Field and Farm*, speaking editorially of the Brighton Beach races during the latter part of the season, says: "There was a combination in nearly every race, a combination to run the pool-box, and when it won and brought profit to Mr. Engeman the work of the judges was easy, the sailing was smooth. But when the combination lost, the situation was embarrassing. Pretexts were sought to rule out the leading horse or to declare bets off, and when no pretext could be found, as in one case, the Englishman swallowed the loss with much groaning and vexation of spirit. The man who went to Brighton Beach with the intention of running horses on the square had to fight against the bribery of jockeys, favoritism to his opponents at the starting-post, combinations to foul and pocket him after the flag was dropped, and the dictation of the snanner to the judges' stand. Reputable turfmen who were persuaded to send a few of their horses there withdrew in disgust at the end of a short but pointed experience."

Busy Time at Shadeland.

France, Canada, California, Montana, and many other remote points north, south, east and west, have had representations at "Shadeland" within the past few days, showing most conclusively that the world at large is thoroughly appreciating the great Livestock Emporium of the Powell Brothers at Springfield, Pa.

To the large collections previously on hand they have just added a magnificent importation of over fifty head of choice animals, being determined to keep their stable at all times ahead of all others in both size and quality of collections, in order that they may always be prepared as they are now, to suit all who may visit them desiring choice stock. Within a few days they have made and are making shipments to Montana, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia, Canada, etc., etc., and still the good work goes on.

Horse Notes.

MR. JAMES M. TURNER, of Lansing, Mich., has recently sold a three-year-old colt from his fine Clydesdale stallion, to the Lee Brothers, Middleton, New York, for five hundred dollars.

MR. ANDREW MILLER, of Dexter, Washtenaw County, recently sold a three-year-old colt to a Regulator for five hundred dollars. He was half-brother of the celebrated stallion Jerome Miller.

We ask attention to the advertisement in another column of the well-trusted stallion Trotwood, record 2:28½, owned by Dr. W. A. Gibson of Jackson. A history of this horse, with account of the performances of himself and other horses closely related to him, recently appeared in the FARMER, and those interested refer to that article for a full description of this horse and his claims to the attention of breeders.

HORSES WANTED IN TENNESSEE.—"Isn't it about time for the local authorities to send a mail to draw the town horse and buy a horse?" asks the editor of a Tennessee paper. "Twice lately he has balked and detained passengers on bitterly cold days for over an hour, and only last week he kicked in front of the vehicle and seriously damaged the corpse. People are beginning to get enough of this sort of thing, and if the authorities don't take proper action a citizens' meeting will be called."

Never before has there been such an active demand for good draft horses as at the present time. Despite the large number of Norman-Peterson and Clydesdale stallions introduced into the State during the past five years, the number of their colts to be had is yet far below the wants of purchasers. In fact, the demand for really good horses for the road, the track, the carriage, the farm and for the truck, seems to increase in an unaccountable manner each year. Six hundred to eight hundred dollars in the range for a really fine pair of heavy draft horses, and the tendency seems to be still upward.

By lack of open air exercise, and the want of sufficient care in the matter of diet, the whole physical mechanism often becomes impaired during the winter. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, invigorate the system, excite the liver to action, and restore the health, tone and vigor.

The Farm.

The Perfect Milch Cow.

Prof. A. S. Welch, President of the Iowa Agricultural College, now traveling in Europe, reports to the *Homestead* lecture given by Dr. Werner, at the Bonn Agricultural Academy, which shows the method of instruction and its thoroughness, as well as European ideas of what constitutes a perfect milch cow. It was delivered in a stable, and with an old and defective Friesland cow for the purpose of illustrating the defects which are possible.

"A class of young men, 15 in number, stood around the animal with open notebooks, giving the most careful attention. The Professor began by describing minutely the form and characteristics of a perfect milch cow. He represented the ideal milker as a machine for transforming the coarser foods into the largest possible amount of good butter and cheese. He said that the animal could not answer this purpose completely unless she possessed, in high degree, certain characteristics of form and quality. First, none of the parts that go to her general make up should be encumbered with superfluous weight. Every organ must have neither more or less than its due size and compactness. Any excess in the size of a part involves a corresponding weight of food used in supporting it. A broad chest or a heavy brisket in a milch cow absorbs a portion of the material which would otherwise go to milk. The digestive apparatus, the stomach, secreting apparatus, milk veins and udder, must all have not only the highest healthy activity, but they must be developed in certain proportions to each other. The office of the general frame is to support the milk organs, and both in size and shape, it should be adapted to its purpose. Inasmuch as the hind-quarter sustains the principal milk organs, it should be correspondingly large. The loins must, therefore, be broad, the hips wide apart, the line from hip to rump long, the flanks well down and the hind legs wide apart. All this will make the hind-quarter proportionately more capacious than the chest, which needs only room enough for a good sized heart and stomach. This will give the model milker a shape which is slightly conical, and which is due to the greater development of the posterior parts.

The Professor further insisted that every organ, special or general, should be fitted in size and strength to its particular design in the economy of the animal. The milk cow is not a roadster, her legs therefore may be delicate and short to serve the purpose of only moderate locomotion. She is not a fighter, and therefore slight horns and a slender neck are most becoming to her. She is not (or should not be) a draught animal, and consequently her muscular system ought not to be developed to a capacity greater than is sufficient to support the digestive apparatus and special milk organs.

"But all these facts, continued the lecturer, may be stated with mathematical exactness. The size of the milk cow being (which is a matter of great moment) all her points would, if she were a perfect milker, be developed in a definite proportion to each other, that could be measured and set down in exact figures. The length of head and neck and body, the depth and girth of chest, the breadth of loins, depth of flank and length of limbs, would stand in an unvarying ratio to each other. Of course there are other indispensable requirements which cannot be submitted to measurement; among these are a soft and flexible skin of moderate thickness, thick and elastic hair—and delicate offal throughout. But to these must be added the crowning characteristics, a sound constitution, vigorous health, and large and active milk organs.

"Now, continued the lecturer, let us see how the Friesland breed comes up to the standard which I have given you. Really, no breed has ever produced that ideal animal, the perfect milk cow. The Jersey, otherwise excellent, is too small; the Ayrshire inclines to fat as she grows old, and refuses to breed; the Shorthorn, which has all the bovine breeds, the finest fibre and the most flexible organization, was originally a profuse milker, but she has, in most families, had her milk organs reduced, if not dwarfed, by subsequent breeding for beef. The Friesland cow obtains good size and has an abundant flow, but her bone is somewhat coarse, and she carries generally too much offal for a moderate milker, but her milk lacks richness in the butter element, faults which might be remedied by judicious crossing with milking families of the Shorthorn.

"The cow you see there before you, young gentlemen, is full of defects, even as a specimen of the Friesland breed. In size, to be sure she is all that could be desired (here the Professor made rapid measurements), her top line, indeed, from rump to shoulder is precisely equal to the line from the shoulder to the muzzle; and the distance between the eyes is half the length of the face, which are the right proportions. The muzzle, the space between the horns, the throat and the base of the neck show just the normal shape and size, but the chest lacks sufficient depth, and its girth is too small by three inches to hold a developmentally developed heart and stomach. But the hind-quarter comes somewhat near to filling the bill; the loins have the proper breadth, the hips are just the right distance apart, but the line from hip to rump is two inches short, and the tail is set on four inches too far in, which hurts the symmetry of the whole hind-quarter.

"As to the twist, we find it seriously defective; the thighs have the requisite flatness, but they are so near together as not to afford sufficient room for the udder, which is consequently too narrow at the base and too long, thus bringing the teats nearly into contact.

"A model udder is broad in proportion to its length, thus filling out an ample twist, the teats stand wide apart and are of the right size for the hand of the milkman.

"The lecturer proceeded in this man-

ner until every point and part of the animal was thoroughly analyzed; then, raising his hat, he thanked the young men for their attention and we passed out, leaving them to follow."

Native Potatoes.

Native potatoes have been discovered in Arizona by Prof. Lemmon. They were found in a cleft of one of the highest peaks north of the Apache pass, under a tangle of prickly bushes and cacti. Eager to know if the Solanum found was bulb bearing, he carefully uprooted the little tuber, which proved to be an undoubted representative of the potato family. According to the researches and reasonings of Humboldt, this was the location to look for the home of the species from which our first potatoes sprang. In May last, Prof. Lemmon again set out in search of more specimens, choosing the Huachuca Mountains as his point for exploration.

These mountains have two peaks over 10,000 feet high, with sides furrowed into deep canons, those of the northeast being filled with trees, among which are maple and ash. In July last he discovered the potato plants he was searching for on the southwest side of the range, hidden among the rich bottom soil of a dell in a high valley. A few plants of the white species were found in full bloom, and farther on blue blossoms were found. The white flowered specimens formed tubers on shorter subterranean stems than the blue ones. The blue flowered potato plants sent off their runners from 18 inches to two feet. July 12, they were in full bloom.

The blossoms were large, and the white flowered were of a creamy white color, with greenish midribs to the corolla lobes. The subterranean stems were not longer than those of our common potato. The blossoms of the blue flowered are smaller, bright purple, with pale white midribs to the corolla, with fifteen to twenty flowers to a head. They are found at an altitude of about 8,000 feet in Tanner's canon, and some of the plants were two feet high. Later in the season they produced potato balls of unusual size, comparatively speaking.

These native species of potatoes, which may have been and very likely are the original native stock from which all our potatoes now used have sprung, deserve a fair trial and careful propagation to develop them to the size now attained by our best potatoes. By the 1st of September the blue flowered plants formed bluish colored potatoes, oblong, about 1½ inches long by half as wide, and a third as thick, with from four to ten unmistakable potato eyes on each plant. The white flowered plants produced white potatoes, nearly round, from half an inch to one inch in diameter. These potatoes are unquestionably indigenous.

Still another variety was found near the summit of a peak 10,000 feet high, under the shade of fir, pine, and poplar trees, growing in soil kept moist during the greater part of the year by melting snows. Its nodding balls of ripened seed were surrounded by golden-rods and brilliant asters. Their tubers were tinted with purple, and seed balls were either solitary or in pairs. Prof. Lemmon brought back with him over three quarts of these small potatoes, comprising the different varieties, besides some seed balls.

A hermit in these mountains, whom Prof. Lemmon interested in his discovery, recently written him that in digging up the bed of an old pond he has secured a lot of these potatoes, perfectly white, long by half as wide, and a third as thick, with from four to ten unmistakable potato eyes on each plant. The white flowered plants produced white potatoes, nearly round, from half an inch to one inch in diameter. These potatoes are unquestionably indigenous.

In the great struggle for precedence now going on between the various breeds of cattle, even the claims of the Ayrshire are not forgotten. In a recent lecture before the Ayrshire Breeders' Association, Dr. Sturtevant said that Ayrshire cows' milk was the nearest like human milk of any produced and the most easily digested of any. The reason why was, for infants, preferred to Jersey milk, was because the curd of Ayrshire milk is more quickly assimilated, it being easily separated into fine particles, while the curd of Jersey milk was tough and leathery.

Quality of Straw for Feeding.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* says:

"A poor quality of straw—the grain cut when dead ripe—is worth very little, either as a manure or food, though something may be got out of it if passed through the straw-cutter and steamed. When the grain is cut as early as it will bear—say when the berry is in the dough—there is much greater value to the straw as well as benefit to the grain. Such straw is only a little if any removed in value as a food from ripe timothy or other hay, and is more readily eaten and digested than the usual dead ripe straw.

"It used to be the practice of some farmers to so time the sowing of their grain as to enable them to cut it when barely ripe enough, the stalk still comparatively green. When this was well cured in, properly made stocks, the straw would be bright and fragrant, retaining a faint green, the grain equally improved. The straw was fed to horses and cattle with some grain, and with better success, it was fed, than where the usual ripe hay was fed. It was only when hay began to be cut earlier that straw as a coarse fodder disappeared, though not entirely, as some people find use for it. If fed at all, it should be when harvested as early as the berry will admit. And this applies to all kinds of grain, particularly to barley, which, in my own feeding, I have found equal to hay. Oat straw was also largely fed; that of wheat was usually rejected.

"Where grain is largely grown, the question is what shall we do with the straw. Upon its disposal is dependent a considerable gain or loss, much more where the straw is of the best quality, as it is an advantage to the farmer in any case to have it. To sell it off the farm, as is largely done, is to rob the land not only of its fertility, but of the vegetable material necessary to it where grain is the principal crop—necessary either as bedding in stables or as fodder. For bedding it pays well to pass it through the cutter, which improves it both as an absorbent and by fixing the manure. Ripe straw is probably better treated in this way, as it favors the two-fold benefit of enrichment and improvement of the soil, the latter of prime importance to reduced land in mechanically improving it for the better retention of moisture and fertility. In either case, whether as fodder or bedding in the stable, it is better to waste it by allowing it to be trodden in the mud of the barnyard surroundings."

In the great struggle for precedence now going on between the various breeds of cattle, even the claims of the Ayrshire are not forgotten. In a recent lecture before the Ayrshire Breeders' Association, Dr. Sturtevant said that Ayrshire cows' milk was the nearest like human milk of any produced and the most easily digested of any. The reason why was, for infants, preferred to Jersey milk, was because the curd of Ayrshire milk is more quickly assimilated, it being easily separated into fine particles, while the curd of Jersey milk was tough and leathery.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

The process of condensing milk is really very simple, and consists in heating the milk in a vacuum pan kept exhausted by an air pump until it is reduced one-fourth.

DAIRYMEN say that a cow should be capable of producing 200 pounds of butter annually, in order to be profitable. It is believed, however, that the average yield per annum of milk cows does not exceed 150 pounds.

The Indiana Farmer says that the statute in reference to the sale of adulterated milk is violated in Indianapolis not less than five hundred times a day, and that the fines, if collected, would amount to twenty-five thousand dollars a day.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

It is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Ir is stated that two bushels of beans from France, Germany and Italy were sold in the New York market last year to every one of our home production.

At present the food supply in Europe is equal to only about 11 months' consumption, and in a few years the deficit, it is thought, will be 60 days instead of 30.

Horticultural.

THE RECENT HORTICULTURAL EXCURSION TO NEW ORLEANS.

At the opening of the afternoon session on Friday, P. J. Berckmans, President of the Georgia Horticultural Society, read a paper on the Newer Peaches, and New Fruits for the Cotton States, in which he stated that certain varieties ripen earlier, in the higher and more northerly inland localities, than in the lower and warmer regions farther south, the cause of which he was unable to determine. He further stated that most varieties of figs fail at Mobile; while, much farther north, at Norfolk, Va., they are successfully grown.

Col. R. W. Gillespie, of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, invited the Society to make a free excursion over that road to Mobile; with the privilege of returning free to New Orleans, or, if preferred, of going over that road from Mobile to Cairo direct. After some discussion as to the most convenient time for the purpose, the offer was accepted for Tuesday, February 27th.

A paper was read by W. H. Cassell, of Mississippi, on Pears and their Culture at the South.

After some discussion on this subject, the Society adjourned till evening.

On reassembling at 8 o'clock, p. m., a paper was read by T. V. Munson, of Texas, on Organized, Systematic Horticultural Progress.

This was followed by a paper read by T. T. Lyon, of Michigan, on Horticulture vs. Ruts.

The President then invited attention to the beautiful gavel used in conducting the exercises; which, he took occasion to state, was manufactured from Nebraska grown timber, by ex Governor Furnas, of that State, and composed of five different kinds of home-grown woods. He closed the statement by calling on the ex-Governor, who read a paper on the subject Forestry on the Plains.

After the reading of this paper, the society adjourned to the next morning.

On Saturday morning, owing to rain, the meeting was not called to order till 10 o'clock.

Mr. Berckmans, chairman of the committee on fruits exhibited, was compelled to leave for home after the reading of his essay the previous evening. For this reason President Earl appointed T. T. Lyon, of Michigan, to that position.

Some discussion then arose as to the best method of collecting statistics; and also as to the most convenient and effective way to raise the means to pay the Secretary for the increased amount of labor to be required of him.

Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, during the consideration of the report of the committee on subject bearing upon them, received some hard hits from the committee and from certain members of the Society. After considerable discussion the subject was recommended to an enlarged committee; whose report was adopted.

Mr. Hollister, ex-President of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, read a paper on Markets and Marketing.

Another paper of a similar character was read by E. T. Hollister, of Missouri. A resolution, offered by Mr. Galusha, of Illinois, proposing, as the sense of this convention, that all fruits should be sold by weight, gave rise to some discussion, and was finally laid upon the table for consideration at the next meeting of the Society.

A telegram was then read by the President from F. Chandler, general passenger agent of the Mississippi and Pacific system of railroads, offering reduced rates for the next annual convention, if held in California, the rate suggested being one fare for the trip to Los Angeles and return.

The afternoon session was called to order at 3:40 p.m., a large number of ladies being present to listen to papers to be read at this session by a couple of Northern ladies.

The first of these was read by Mrs. H. M. Lewis, of Madison, Wisconsin; the subject being Birds in Horticulture. The examination of fruits on exhibition and the preparation of the report thereon, compelled our absence; but the unanimous opinion of those present seemed to be that this was one of the finest and most interesting of the papers contributed on this occasion.

The next, by Mrs. D. Huntley, of Appleton, Wisconsin, was entitled The Adornment of Rural Homes. Although necessarily absent till near the close of the reading, we cannot resist the temptation to extract an idea or two:

"If you can have but few of the growing beauties of nature, plant a vine by your doorway and it will cover the side of your dwelling with its drapery of green. Plant one tree, and it will spread out its leafy boughs above your head and ever make you grateful for its shelter and shade. Plant one packet of seeds if you can no more, and care for them well, and your flowers will expand in colors more royal than the purple of Tyre, and give you fragrance more sweet than the spices of Arabia. * * * We attach great importance to the productions of our country. We have national pride in her manufacturers, her mechanics, her works of art. Let us remember that the best production of any country is its people."

After this essay the President introduced Secretary W. H. Ragan, of Indiana, who read a paper entitled Can we Master the Insect Enemies of the Orchard? He observed that at first thought this seemed to him an easy subject, but that upon closer consideration it seemed to rest more and more heavily upon him. Farther on he remarks:

"Seriously, I have viewed with no small degree of alarm, the steady and onward march of our orchard pests; in spite of our science, in spite of our boasted progress, until I have almost despaired. Entomology has enlightened us on the subject of bugs and beetles. It has clearly defined the differences that distinguish these two subdivisions of the insect tribes. It has assured us that the one sucks its food while the other bites it. It

has explained to us in high sounding terms the metamorphoses of insects. It has shed a brilliant ray of light on coleoptera, orthoptera and lepidoptera; yet the beautiful things have steadily encroached on our chosen domain until, like the Irishman when the mule put his foot in the stirrup, I am almost ready to exclaim 'be jabis, if ye are going to git up, I'll git down.'

He remarks, near the close of his essay, that insects are not all pests, and that there is danger that, in the wholesale use of poisonous insecticides we may be "killing the goose that laid the golden egg," and that while science has an important part in this problem, scientific knowledge alone will never rid our orchards and gardens of insect pests.

Resolutions highly complimentary to the essays of the two ladies were then adopted unanimously.

The protection of fruits from the depredations of insects was discussed at considerable length, after which the report of the committee on the collection of statistics was received, and the subject referred to the executive committee.

The meeting was then adjourned till eight o'clock p.m. T. T. LYON.

THE BEST VARIETIES.

KALAMAZOO, March 22, 1883.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please answer the following questions through the FARMER? What are the three best varieties of strawberries to raise; also of blackberries and raspberries.

ERWIN F. FRITZ.

REPLY.

Mr. Fritz does not state whether he wishes to plant for the use of his family or for market; and since the same selection would not be made for each purpose we name:

Strawberries for family use.—For early, Duncan; for medium, Senecca; for late, Kentucky, or better, where it succeeds, Marvin.

For market.—For early, Duchess or Bidwell; for the main crop, Miner's Prolific or Wilson; for late, Kentucky. If the grower is a superior cultivator and will keep all runners removed, he will do well to plant Bidwell for early, Sharpless for medium and Marvin for late. There are, among new and yet partially untested strawberries, varieties that may be still better; but these are yet on trial.

Raspberries.—Of the red varieties, for early home use, Brandywine; medium, Herstine and Cuthbert. Where hardiness is essential we would be content with the Turner, with the addition, perhaps, of Cuthbert.

Cap varieties.—For early, Tyler or Souhegan; medium, Mammoth Cluster; late, Gregg. For the family we would not be without a few plants of Caroline and Shaffer's Colossal; both of which are of excellent quality, and ripen in succession for a long time. T. T. LYON.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

At a recent meeting of this society the subject for discussion was "Hardy Grapes," and was opened by Mr. William H. Hunt. He said that twenty-five or thirty years ago there was no such thing as hardy grapes; that is, grapes for outdoor cultivation. No one had any faith that our native grapes would produce anything worth cultivating until Mr. Bull, in producing the Concord from the wild vine, did a great deal for grape culture. The Concord was only one step from the wild grape, and yet it has proved a very satisfactory one. To-day the number of varieties of grapes in the country is immense, and there would seem to be no limit to the increase. As for hardiness, the grape is as hardy as an oak; you may cut it down, and it will grow up every year. The grape will bear every year, and will set every year a great deal more fruit than is allowed to ripen. The main crop of the apple is only once in every other year, but the grape hardly ever fails, and will grow every year with little variation. A French writer said that the grape has as great a colonizing power as wheat. The average profit for the best vines in France is about sixty dollars an acre, and for the poorest quality about thirty dollars. The cultivation of the grape is profitable in Massachusetts where the proper methods are pursued, but if the necessary care is not given, the vines had better be taken out. High land should be selected, so as to be free from frost. The vines should be set in furrows opened with the plow, and the distance will depend on the method of pruning. When stakes are used, the space between the vines should be about eight by seven, and where there are trellises six by ten feet. If too heavy a crop is raised there is danger of difficulty from the frost. No fruit should be allowed on the vines for the first two years, so that the roots may become strong. The best time for pruning is in the early winter. It is also necessary to have summer pruning or pinching, in order to prevent too great a production of wood. A difference of opinion exists as to the use of sterile manure, some considering that it injures the quality of the grape. Yet there is good authority for its use. All our best fruits and vegetables are improved by it. Moderation must be exercised in its use for vines. The speaker said that he found that there was waste in sterile manure, and he preferred the use of bone and ashes.

Mr. Wilder presented a list of grapes which are now fully recognized and appreciated by this Society. The following were named: Early Grapes—Moore's Early, Worden, Early Victor, Niagara, Well-established Grapes—Concord, Delaware, Brighton, Eumelan, Barry, Martha, Lindley, Wilder. White Grapes—Martha, Lady, Prentiss, Pocklington, Niagara, President Hayes.

Mr. J. W. Talbot said that simple turf would, with a little ashes and bone, give all the nourishment to the grape that is necessary. Mr. J. W. Manning gave some personal experience in the development of grape culture before the Concord grape.

R. HOWARD, Judge of Probate.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 26, 1882.

I have used N. H. Dow's Elixir in my family for years, and for coughs, colds, crop and affections of the lungs always find it a strong and speedy remedy. It is not a humbug, like some of the advertised nostrums.

JOHN D. HATCH, Mayor.

Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used N. H. Dow's Elixir in my family for years, and for coughs, colds, crop and affections of the lungs always find it a strong and speedy remedy. It is not a humbug, like some of the advertised nostrums.

R. HOWARD, Judge of Probate.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 26, 1882.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

most directly from the Concord grape, and, indeed, we may date almost all our progress in grape culture from the introduction of that grape. In manuring for wine, a different process should be pursued from that employed when the grape is for the table to be eaten as fruit. In France much success is had with planting grapes only three feet apart, and by this means less pruning is needed, and the best quality of flavor is attained.

Mr. W. C. Strong said that the Isabella grape was cultivated with success in New England before we cut our forests. It is by far a better grape than the Concord, and as also is the Catawba. The Isabella grape will not ripen in New England at present, but the Catawba will. The main point in New England is earliness, in order to make profit in our market. The Lady, a white grape, is the earliest of all our grapes, and is adapted to our climate.

We must look for a grape which is hardy enough to resist the mildew. The Delaware is an admirable grape; it is early, and when matured will probably resist mildew. In growing grapes here, we have a great enemy to contend with in the rose bugs. The method of covering with mosquito netting is effective to some extent, but it requires a great deal of labor.

Mr. J. B. Moore said that the crop of grapes is more certain than any other fruit, except the strawberry. A hardy grape is one that will resist the cold, and will not have to be laid down and covered, even when the thermometer is below zero. Anything that will fill your trellis with well-ripened young wood, will give you what is wanted in fruit. He was cultivating grapes himself, both on posts and trellises. A wire trellis three hundred feet long costs less than three dollars, which is less than the cost of posts. In growing on the wire trellises, there is no danger of the arms becoming loose. The crop depends, not on the great amount of wood that is made, but on the amount that is of medium size and of the right fruit-bearing quality. Too great a production of wood is sometimes caused by the over-stimulation of fertilizing. One advantage of the training on stakes is that the sun strikes down to the ground more fully than where trellises are used. The latter, however, hold the vines more securely than the stakes when the wind is high. Mr. Moore described the habits and increase of the rose bugs, showing that they must be met and attacked when they become grown insects, as they cannot be reared again in the egg or the pupa state, and must be picked by hand. He found that a little ashes would be better for the manuring of grapes than stable manure.

Labeling Trees.

We have often referred to labels for trees, vines, etc., in gardens and orchards; but as it is a subject that cannot be too often mentioned it is well to say now, at this season, before the busy work in the garden or on the farm sets in, that the old labels should be gone over, or where they have disappeared or worn out, then renewed before the name is forgotten. Winter weather, with its snows and storms, is the hardest upon labels, hence they should be examined and renewed when necessary. We have tried a number of kinds of these tree and vine markers, and have settled on the old wooden one, securely fastened with copper wire. Take narrow strips of pine, shave them perfectly smooth, cover with two coats of white paint, shape to suit, and then write the name carefully and heavily with a good black lead pencil. They will last for many years. If the paint becomes dirty and the writing illegible, which sometimes may be the case, they can be washed and the writing renewed. The soil for all should be well-drained and light; for *L. candidum* it may be stronger and richer. Tiger lilies will stand ten years without transplanting, and *candidum* four or five years, but he takes all up every year. *Superbum* improves by being let alone. *L. Humboldtii*, a Californian species, grows three or four feet high, and will produce eight flowers. *Thunbergianum* or *elegans*, is the easiest of all to grow; they are good in mixed borders, and, flowering low down, make a brilliant display. *L. Canadense* will give thirteen or fourteen flowers on the edge of meadows, where the soil was moist, but the water did not settle. *Superbum* increases rapidly and flowers in almost every soil. There is little difference in the varieties of *longiflorum*.

WINSTON, Forstyr Co., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been perfect. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your bitters.

Very respectfully,

REV. H. PEREBEE.

Horticultural Notes.

If grapes are to be bagged the proper time to do it is when they are about as large as small peaches.

A LADY in Wyoming County, N. Y., has a calls lily 21 feet high, said to be the largest and finest in the country.

JOHN B. MOORE, of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, thinks the grape the most certain of fruit crops. He prefers the vines trained on trellises rather than stakes, but cultivate in both ways.

PARSNIPS and salsify have this decided advantage over other vegetables that freezing does not hurt them, and they can be left in the garden just where they grew and be all the better for such treatment in the spring.

PLACER COUNTY, Cal., is producing a very excellent quality of raisins. There is a district which seems to produce the very best class of Muscat, Muscatel and Sultana grapes, and many new vineyards of five to twenty-five acres are being planted in raisin production.

ALL the smaller fruit can be grown from cuttings, and if you can not have as liberal a supply at the outset as you could wish, a little care of them and in propagating cuttings will a short time give you all the plants needed on the farm, and if you are contented to wait the outlay need not be very great.

OUR plan is to have all the small fruits in a row in the plot selected for them. The currants should be set at least two feet apart, as to admit of easy cultivation and also easy access in picking the fruit. There is no necessity in allowing the plants to grow so tall as to overreach their space and interfere with picking or cultivating; they will be better pruned back and kept within bounds.

MR. J. W. TALBOT said that simple turf would, with a little ashes and bone, give all the nourishment to the grape that is necessary. Mr. J. W. MANNING gave some personal experience in the development of grape culture before the Concord grape.

JOHN D. HATCH, Mayor.

Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used Dow's Elixir in my family for years, and for coughs, colds, crop and affections of the lungs always find it a strong and speedy remedy. It is not a humbug, like some of the advertised nostrums.

R. HOWARD, Judge of Probate.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 26, 1882.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used Dow's Elixir in my family for years, and for coughs, colds, crop and affections of the lungs always find it a strong and speedy remedy. It is not a humbug, like some of the advertised nostrums.

R. HOWARD, Judge of Probate.

BURLINGTON, Vt., Jan. 26, 1882.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

JO D. HATCH, Mayor.

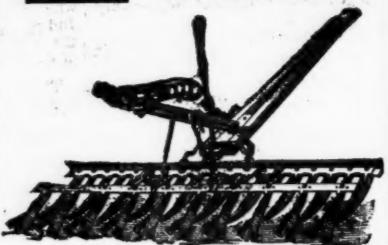
Manchester, Vt., Dec. 28, 1881.

I have used Dow's Elixir for many years, and regard it as a superior remedy for coughs and colds, one that I could not well afford in my family.

"Rough on Corns." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

"ACME" Pulverizing Harrow, Clog Crusher and Leveler.



When in Detroit and Looking for
CARPETS,
CURTAINS

— OR —

Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

LACE CURTAINS,

3½ yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$2.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AU-RORA" Carpet Sweepers.

Abbot & Ketchum

141 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned having sold his farm will also sell at Public Auction on

Wednesday, April 25th, 1883.

on the premises situated 1½ miles south of Jonesville on the N. E. Road (personal property of various kinds, including seven horses, (five of same) under six years and of Hambletonian stock); about 250 American Merino sheep, all blacky breed, the buck registered and all blacky; 100 head of cattle, horses, mules, ponies, harnessed, buggies, sulky, harrows, plows, fanning mill, corn sheller, reaper and mower, grain drill, hay rakes, farm implements and utensils, also household goods, and about 800 bushels of corn in the crib.

TERMS: \$1000 cash, and balance to be arranged with agent and satisfied by bankable notes, running for one year and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent per annum from date.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m.

F. M. HOLLOWAY,
Hillsdale, Mich.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Offer for sale, or will exchange for pure Merino sheep or Jersey Cattle the stallion "Nick Whiffle." He is a beautiful brown in color, no horns, weight 1200 lbs; eight years old; sure foal getter. He was sired by Toronto Chief, Jr.; he is old Toronto Chief; he is Royal George; he is Black Wallaby; he is Tipper, Oregon; he is imported Merino; he is Toronto Chief Jr.'s dam was by Old Henry Clay and out of a thoroughbred mare. He has very fine pacing action, with plenty of speed. For further particulars apply to

ROCK BAILEY,
Oak Grove Farm, Union, Ont.

AMBER CANE.

I have 2,000 gallons of pure amber cane molasses, which I will sell at 50¢ per gallon in barrels, or 10¢ per gallon in four or eight gallon pails, barrels, etc. I will also send some, can be paid for in kind, send in pound lots by mail at 25¢ per lb, 10 lbs or more, 5¢ per lb—cash to accompany order. Order at once.

DANIEL ROBERT,
Hudson, Mich.

ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR!

A GOOD PAPER.

THE GREAT WEEKLY

POST & TRIBUNE

Contains all the news of the week in a condensed and abridged form. As a newspaper it has no superior in the quantity and character of news it furnishes, and no newspaper giving valuable information can be compared with it. The subscription price is \$1 per year.

THE TRI-WEEKLY

Contains all the latest telegraphic, general and agricultural news, and the best selections from the daily edition, and to those who have not time to read a large daily, is a good and most valuable paper.

Taxes—\$5 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

THE DAILY

Is rapidly increasing in circulation amongst all classes of business and commercial men. Its editor is a consistent, and its management liberal in the expense incurred in gathering and publishing the latest news.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate. All Postmasters receive subscriptions for The Post and Tribune, and are also paid by all newsdealers.

The paper is well worth the price.

The Post and Tribune is also sold by all newsdealers.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

All Postmasters receive subscriptions for The Post and Tribune, and are also paid by all newsdealers.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$10 per year, 3 or 6 months at same rate.

The paper is well worth the price.

Taxes—\$

Poetry.

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled and sweet
From the earl above her forehead
To the beautiful rose feet.
To the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye;
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
A shopful of sweets! Ah, no!

That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below?

The naughty, beautiful darling!

One kiss from his rosy mouth

Is better than all the dainties

Of East or West or South!

What am I offered for Baby?

"A pile of gold!" Ah, dear,

Your gold is too hard and heavy

To purchase my brightness here.

Would the treasures of all the mountains

Far the wonderful lands

Be worth the clinging and clasping

Of these dear little peach-bloom hands?

What am I offered for Baby?

"A rope of diamonds!" Nay,

If your brilliants were larger and brighter

Than stars in the milky way,

Would they ever be half so precious

As the light of those lustrous eyes,

Still full of the heavenly glory

They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?

"A heartful of love and a kiss;"

Well, if anything over could tempt me,

"Twould be such an offer as this!

But how can I know if your loving

Is tender and true and divine

Enough to repay what I'm giving

In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!

Your gold and gems are triffling,

Were they ever so rare and precious

Would never be half enough!

For what would we care, my dearie,

What glory the world put on

If our beautiful darling were going,

If our beautiful darling were gone!

THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the ivory keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.
It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quailed pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo,
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As it were loth to cease,
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Miscellaneous.

THE GOVERNOR'S STORY.

"We were very poor," said the Governor, "my mother and I. We lived in a little cabin on General Linton's farm, and saw a hard time. My father died when I was sixteen years old, leaving us nothing but an honest reputation, and although I was stout and healthy, my wages were very low, and I had to toil early and late to provide the necessities of life. But I suppose I would have been happy and contented enough; that is, as much as we unsatisfied mortals usually are, if it hadn't been for a woman. I don't know why it was that Helen Linton made such an impression on me, for she had by no means those great and noble qualities by which men as a general thing are attracted toward the opposite sex. On the contrary, she was proud, arrogant and overbearing, and I was confident if she thought of me at all, it was with feelings of contempt and disdain alone.

Not on account of my personal appearance, it is true, for though I was rough and uncultivated, and my hands were hard with excessive toil, and my face browned by exposure to the sun, still I had wonderful strength and great agility, and my hair and eyes were as dark as midnight, and many said that I was hand-some. But I was poor and she was wealthy. I was General Linton's hired hand and she was General Linton's daughter, and it was the old, old story. It must have been her bewildering beauty that drew me more and more toward her, for she was a queenly-looking girl, with flashing eyes and magnificent dark-brown hair, and a form tall and magnificent and stately. But whatever it might have been I am certain of one thing, and that is that I learned to love her with a maddening, painful, consuming passion that seemed about to devour my whole being. I tried very hard to smother it and to drive her image from my heart. I knew I might as well think of plucking down the moon or the stars as to dare to aspire to her hand.

But it was all of no avail; the more I struggled the more I became entangled. In the morning, noon and night there was but one face that I saw, and but one voice that I heard, and that was the face and the voice of Helen Linton. What was worst of all to me, in some way she discovered my secret. How, I can hardly tell. They say murder will out, and the same can most assuredly be said about love. I had never spoken about it to any one, not even to my mother, and as to Helen, I had scarcely ever spoken to her on any subject. It is true that sometimes she would give me instructions in regard to the flower-garden, which General Linton had selected me to manage, as he said, more opinion of my taste in such matters than any of the rest of his workmen, but she never condescended further. I worshipped her like a star from afar off, and knew the distance between us to be wide and as impassable.

One day she came into the garden when I was at work there, and, impelled by

some unknown power, as it were, I gathered and presented to her a choice bouquet of flowers; and whether it was from my guilty looks that she had discovered all, and determined to check me in the beginning, or whether she had already probed to the depths of my heart and thought I was presumptuous, I know not, but certain it is she never spoke to me after that. She had been in the habit of giving me a nod of recognition whenever she met me before this, but after this she passed me by without even a glance; disdain within her haughty eye, and contempt upon her scornful lip. You may know that my life was as wretched as it could well be. I used to sit down by the fire in our little cabin, after my hard day's work was done, and curse my wretched fate, and call God unjust in what I considered the distinctions he made in the human race, but I little knew then what the sequel would be.

Crowds of company, gay ladies and gentlemen, came every summer from the city to spend the season at Linton Hall, and it so happened that one summer came among the rest a young gentleman named Arthur St. John. He was reported to be wealthy, and handsome he certainly was, and it was not very long before he commenced paying devoted attention to General Linton's daughter; and it was easy enough to see that she was as infatuated as he was. They used to ride by our little cottage on the bright summer evenings, on the Forest road, as it was called, on their prancing horses, he bending fondly above her, whispering words of love and tenderness, and she listening to him with a flush on her cheek and a smile upon her lip. I remember one evening that I stood watching them as they rode down from the Wild Glen, bathed in the golden halo that the gorgeous fires of sunset threw upon the scene, while the summer zephyr, loaded with the perfume of wild flowers, blew back her massive hair from her queenly brow, until the scene seemed to me celestial, and she an inhabitant of celestial regions. Just then she caught sight of me, as I looked at her almost entranced, and spoke something in a low tone to her companion. To my relief, however, I found that she had failed to recognize me. No, she would as soon have looked for a form from the tomb, as to have looked for me in that place.

She had come, she said, on painful business. Her father had been a very wealthy man, and had left her a large property, but her husband had been very dissipated. "Sister Linda," she continued, flitting her handkerchief at some sparrows that had alighted on the window-sill, "suppose we make some calls this afternoon and try to forget all about the boys. If we go, we must call on brother Ezra's wife, cousin, and several others, and, first of all, on those new people who sit so near us at church. I am beginning to be ashamed to look at them. You don't think those three boys that have sprung up like thistles can belong to them, do you?" she added in sudden alarm.

But when the sisters had finally decided to go and had reached the door of "those new people," they found the steps decorated with streamers and rosettes of gay tissue paper,—this being pin-wheel season,—and covered with children, the three stranger boys being at home and chief among the throng. Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda exchanged discouraging glances, but edging their way through the headed-up merchandise, rang the bell and waited.

"You'd better go in. Ma never hears the bell, but she is there," said one of the boys.

"Will you be kind enough to speak to her?" said Miss Rhoda.

The boy hesitated a second, then sprang cheerfully up. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "but don't you fellows touch my things. Ma! ma! Where are you, ma?" he shouted, running open the door. "You go in, she is there. Well, good afternoon," he continued, snatching off his cap in hurried politeness, as he pointed to an inner door that stood open and then dashed back to his companions.

Immediately, a delicate little lady appeared and with ready cordiality ushered them into the back-parlor, which was also the nursery. And here appeared three younger boys, the eldest of whom was at that moment fireman, brakeman, engineer and conductor to a train of cars that had been constructed from a long line of books.

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" said the engineer, "Prov-in'-dunce!" called the conductor, just as the ladies entered.

The boy next younger was hammering with all his small might; and of the youngest he need only be said that he was teething.

"Robby! Jimmy! You are not making too much noise are you, birdies? I am a little hard of hearing and the children take advantage of it sometimes," said the mother, smiling proudly upon the baby, who hit his rubber ring and wailed.

Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda shortened their call to the shortest degree of propriety, and silently made their way next to the house of their brother Ezra's wife's cousin.

Mrs. Rosenberry was newly married and living in a little workbox of a cottage with her husband, a small servant, a cat, a dog and two birds. She came forward with shy, matronly welcome, and said at once, "Cousin Bell is here. She only came last night, I will speak to her."

This was very well. Bell was another cousin of Ezra's wife, and not being a boy, might be pleasant enough to talk with for awhile. Each inquired of the other if there were any news from brother Ezra and his wife. It seemed that there was none and conversation flowed easily on, until there came a black-eyed, lively interruption in the shape of Master Paul Beach, a young brother of Miss Bell, who, as it seemed, was also staying with Mrs. Rosenberry. He had brought his eyes, his ears and his tongue up to him.

"Does your brother Guy expect to go to college?" asked Miss Rhoda, presently, in her politest tone.

"I don't know. He will have to study two or three years more first," said Bell, modestly.

"What! Guy have to study two or three years more before he goes to college?" interrupted Master Paul, "why, he don't need to study any more. He knows most all there is to know now. Jingo! If I was Guy I'd walk up to the man who keeps the college and give him a punch in the nose and say, 'Here, this is sold out, let me in!'"

The pretty pink of the bride's face became scarlet. "Paul," said she sweetly, "I thought I heard Johnny McAuley's whistle just now on the street. Don't you want to go out and play marbles with him?"

"Johnny McAuley! He can't play. They don't know anything about marbles in this one-horse town, anyway. They ought to see Dick Dean and my brother Guy if they want to know what playing is!"

"Sister," remarked Miss Linda, when they were safely on the street again, "let

restrain my feelings, and only said: "May Heaven thank you, for I can't." Well, it wasn't long before the people seemed to take an interest in me, and they elected me to the State Legislature, and then after awhile to Congress, and I was presumptuous, I know not, but certain it is she never spoke to me after that. She had been in the habit of giving me a nod of recognition whenever she met me before this, but after this she passed me by without even a glance; disdain within her haughty eye, and contempt upon her scornful lip. You may know that my life was as wretched as it could well be. I used to sit down by the fire in our little cabin, after my hard day's work was done, and curse my wretched fate, and call God unjust in what I considered the distinctions he made in the human race, but I little knew then what the sequel would be.

As for my part I was still a bachelor, one year, amid the thunders of applause that had surrounded me, fair hands had thrown me beautiful flowers, and ruby lips had smiled, and bright eyes had glistened when I was near; but I thought of cold, cruel, haughty Helen Linton, and had judged them all alike, and had turned away.

One winter evening, shortly after I had been elected Governor, when the wind was howling outside, and I was enjoying the comforts of my room within, and wondering if any homeless wretches were out in that storm, to my great astonishment the servant ushered in a lady. It was something unusual; but I spoke to her as politely as I could, and offered her a seat, when the light fell upon her features, and notwithstanding the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, to my consternation I recognized the face of Helen Linton.

To my relief, however, I found that she had failed to recognize me. No, she would as soon have looked for a form from the tomb, as to have looked for me in that place.

She had come, she said, on painful business. Her father had been a very wealthy man, and had left her a large property, but her husband had been very dissipated.

"Sister Linda," she continued, flitting her handkerchief at some sparrows that had alighted on the window-sill, "suppose we make some calls this afternoon and try to forget all about the boys. If we go, we must call on brother Ezra's wife, cousin, and several others, and, first of all, on those new people who sit so near us at church. I am beginning to be ashamed to look at them. You don't think those three boys that have sprung up like thistles can belong to them, do you?" she added in sudden alarm.

But when the sisters had finally decided to go and had reached the door of "those new people," they found the steps decorated with streamers and rosettes of gay tissue paper,—this being pin-wheel season,—and covered with children, the three stranger boys being at home and chief among the throng. Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda exchanged discouraging glances, but edging their way through the headed-up merchandise, rang the bell and waited.

"You'd better go in. Ma never hears the bell, but she is there," said one of the boys.

"Will you be kind enough to speak to her?" said Miss Rhoda.

The boy hesitated a second, then sprang cheerfully up. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "but don't you fellows touch my things. Ma! ma! Where are you, ma?" he shouted, running open the door. "You go in, she is there. Well, good afternoon," he continued, snatching off his cap in hurried politeness, as he pointed to an inner door that stood open and then dashed back to his companions.

Immediately, a delicate little lady appeared and with ready cordiality ushered them into the back-parlor, which was also the nursery. And here appeared three younger boys, the eldest of whom was at that moment fireman, brakeman, engineer and conductor to a train of cars that had been constructed from a long line of books.

"Tch! Tch! Tch!" said the engineer, "Prov-in'-dunce!" called the conductor, just as the ladies entered.

The boy next younger was hammering with all his small might; and of the youngest he need only be said that he was teething.

"Robby! Jimmy! You are not making too much noise are you, birdies? I am a little hard of hearing and the children take advantage of it sometimes," said the mother, smiling proudly upon the baby, who hit his rubber ring and wailed.

Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda shortened their call to the shortest degree of propriety, and silently made their way next to the house of their brother Ezra's wife's cousin.

Mrs. Rosenberry was newly married and living in a little workbox of a cottage with her husband, a small servant, a cat, a dog and two birds. She came forward with shy, matronly welcome, and said at once, "I am a pair of one of one idea," returned Mrs. Varry. "There is a pair of them. I tried with all my might to get in a word about our new Garfield home. I thought once I had really secured Miss Rhoda's attention, but no. 'Indeed!' said she politely, 'your speaking of that reminds me of what our Ralph said once,' and she went on to tell some simple little speech of his. Then she smiled so archly! I thought what a different smile would have adorned her countenance if my Arthur had been the one to make the speech."

"They are charming boys. I've lost my own heart to them," said Mrs. Rosenberry, "but when I saw them whittling on that immaculate back porch, I thought something must be the matter with my eyes or my brain. I knew I couldn't be asleep for I should never dream anything so unlike."

"At the same time Miss Linda observed with gravity that she and sister had remarked how much less trouble they had from the other boys since 'our boys' came."

"The moral of which is," replied Mrs. Varry, "if you cannot have a garden on account of your neighbors' chickens you should set up a henery of your own."

"Good Cheer."

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ill., April 25, 1882.

DR. PENGELLY:

Dear Sir—I am more than pleased with the effect of your Zoa-Phora in our daughter's case. I am surprised to see how she has improved. She is gaining in weight and color, and I think feels better than she ever did; her nerves are steady, and the distress she suffered in her chest is entirely gone. I firmly believe that Zoa-Phora is all that has saved her life.

I am willing you should use my letter, for I am not afraid to tell what a wonderful cure your medicine is, and I would like all who suffer to try it.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. SARAH RANDOLPH.

I shall always remember gratefully the good health your medicine has brought my daughter.

LEWIS RANDOLPH.

N.B.—This was a case of suppression.

OUR BOYS AND OTHER BOYS.

WHAT HAPPENED TO LORD LOVELL

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door. Seeking the hole for the key, his hat was wrecked and his trousers bore. A split across either knee; When down came beauteous Lady Jane In fair white draperie.

"O, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said. "Where have you been?" said she. "I have not closed an eye in bed, And the clock has just struck three. Who has been standing you on your head In an ash barrel, perchance?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Jane," he said. "And so little it cannot be." The clock struck one as I entered; I heard it twice or three; It must be the salmon on which I fed Has been too many for me."

"It was not the salmon, Lord Lovell," she said, "With some asperite,"

"You have looked on the wine when it was red, Or on the can-de-vie, O, woe is me that I ever wed A man who goes on a spree."

"You are wrong, my dear, Lord Lovell he said, As he had a bright idea.

"I know in the papers you must have read Of the Steam Heat company. Those pipes beneath the streets are laid— That's what the man's wish me!"

"Along the street as I swiftly sped, Eager for home and thee, A pipe beneath me exploded, Most unexpected; My eyes were blacked and my nose it bled— A plague on that companion!"

"Most pitifully were my trowsers shred— Lo! View them at the knee! And I lay in the puddle like one gone dead Till officer 5-4-3 Happened along and rescued Me from my misere."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell, she said, 'To the maritime casaville, To your grandam of the hoary head, To any but me. The door is not used to be opened With a cigarette for a key."

—Life.

Leadville Piety.

I was standing in front of the hotel, when my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated-looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell. At intervals he would cease ringing, and shout:

"Religious racket right away at the big tent! Roll up, tumble up, or slide up on ye ears, for we'll have a bang up dish o' gospel talk from Faro Bill; an do o-on't you forget it?"

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked:

"Who is this Faro Bill?"

"Who is he? Well, now, if that ain't the boss play for high. You kin break me right here if I thought there was a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill. He used to be one o' the boys, but got capped into the religious game by a slick-tongued gospel sharp about two months ago. He's chopped on all his old rackets, an' don't stand in with nothin' now that don't show up a Bible or prayer book in the lay out. Billy used to be the boss gambler of the camp, and wasn't afeared to sit in a game with the flyest sports that ever slung a cart; but he's clean gone on the plous lay now, and seems to have lost all good there was ever in him. The boss mouthpiece of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, and Bill is agoin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

This explanation, given in the most earnest tones, started me instanter for the big tent. It was used at night for a variety theatre, where artists (?) of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning. I found the tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had, doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would deport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly, red-faced man, with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided independence. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion. When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment; evidently collecting his thoughts, and began:

"Fellow citizens: The preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it for all its worth. You all know that I'm just a larnin' the game, an' of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance, an' cold-dece me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay-out as this, he plays every card to win, if he goes through the deal as he order do, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can tell the turn every time."

"I was readin' in the Bible to day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, an' I want to tell ye the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long, long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile either. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prod gave the old man a little game o' talk one day, and injected him to whack up in advance of the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divvy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some o' the other camps. He had a wavy-up time fur awhile, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on earth; but hard luck hit him a lick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state what he went broke on, but reckon he got steered up again some brace game. But, anyhow, he got left with a chip, or a four-bit piece to go an' eat on. An old granger tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped of the swine where they were feedin', an' stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such proverber, an' says he to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub while I'm worrying alone here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal,' so off he started."

"The old man set the kid a coming, and what do ye reckon he done? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intending to

wipe him out as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he rustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the buck gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the nobbiest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blow-out the camp had ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, blear-eyed gambler, with a fierce moustache, arose and said:

"Tain't me as would try ter break up a meeting, or do anything disrelijous. No, sir, I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoodoo it is a parliamentary rule for anybody who wants to ax questions to rise up and fire them off. I do not want ter fool away time a questioning the workings of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept within proper bounds, and does not interfere with the boys in their games, I do not see as it can do harm. I just want to ax the honorable speaker if he has not given himself dead away? Does it stand to reason that a bloke would feed upon corn husks when there was hash factories in the camp? Would anybody hev refused him the price of a square meal if he had struck fur it? Would any of the dealers that beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrelijous breaks, but I must say that I have got it put up that the speaker has been a trying ter feed us on cussed taffy, and no one but a silly would take it in."

"Josh Billings."

WHILE Mr. David Davis was dining one day at Wormly's with some friends, among whom was the slim Mr. Evarts, the conversation drifted to athletic sports and foot races. Mr. Evarts, with view to one of his sarcastic jests turned to the great trunk alongside of him, from which he himself may be supposed to have been whittled off as a silver, and suggested that such sports were entirely out of his line.

"Well, Evarts," replied Judge Davis, "perhaps you think I can't run. Now, look here: I'll bet you a case of wine I can beat you in a hundred yards if you will let me choose my ground and will give me five yards start. I'm heavy, you know, and I want solid footin'."

Mr. Evarts was satisfied that he "had a dead sure thing," and as the evening had advanced, content and happiness in constant work, alone? Observation teaches me that the unrest and discontent come to both cultured and ignorant; they seem conditions of being which tend to our elevation. If we are content as we are, what possible hope is there that we will rise above our present position, what can urge us forward if we see no need of progress? The real struggle of life lies in the fight of what we are with what we would be; to harmonize soul and surroundings is the great problem. That "content" which looks to no lofty end, which has no aspirations, is a merely animal existence, satisfied with food, and warmth and shelter.

"How old is that girl?" asked the conductor looking suspiciously at a young lady holding possession of half the seat.

"Shur, an' she's on the nigh side uv sin years."

"Ten years?" said the conductor; "looks like a widow woman; say, let her stand up awhile and rest herself."

"Well, but conductor, she's tall; her standin' is very much longer than her age; but stand up, Margaret, stand up, and av he would luk at yer tattie, show 'em, Margaret."

The girl, who was sitting tall on the seat, seemed to have been a widow herself, and as she towered up in the daylight, she looked something like a lighthouse rising out of a breaking fog. The conductor took a birdseye view of her proportions, and then said:

"I'll take another half fare for this little girl, I guess. I thought she'd show off to better advantage after she telescoped out."

The Household.

DOMESTIC BONDAGE.

I note in the domestic departments of the papers from all parts of the country which are weekly laid upon my table, much complaint of the isolation of farm life, and of the deprivations of cultured minds which feel themselves shut off from that attrition of mind upon mind which so brightens and sharpens the intellect; and also of the impossibility of making mental progress when thus "cribbed, cabined and confined" by household duties and lack of external stimulus. We hear it gravely asked whether it is not unwise to lift one's self above the level of the croplands. Sun marry they get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at and neither win. Sun marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling take—the more they put down the less they take up. Sun marry they be happy, and missing it, wonder where all the happiness goes when it dies. Sun marry they can tell why, and live they can't tell how—Josh Billings.

WHILE Mr. David Davis was dining one day at Wormly's with some friends, among whom was the slim Mr. Evarts, the conversation drifted to athletic sports and foot races. Mr. Evarts, with view to one of his sarcastic jests turned to the great trunk alongside of him, from which he himself may be supposed to have been whittled off as a silver, and suggested that such sports were entirely out of his line.

"Well, Evarts," replied Judge Davis, "perhaps you think I can't run. Now, look here: I'll bet you a case of wine I can beat you in a hundred yards if you will let me choose my ground and will give me five yards start. I'm heavy, you know, and I want solid footin'."

Mr. Evarts was satisfied that he "had a dead sure thing," and as the evening had advanced, content and happiness in constant work, alone? Observation teaches me that the unrest and discontent come to both cultured and ignorant; they seem conditions of being which tend to our elevation. If we are content as we are, what possible hope is there that we will rise above our present position, what can urge us forward if we see no need of progress? The real struggle of life lies in the fight of what we are with what we would be; to harmonize soul and surroundings is the great problem. That "content" which looks to no lofty end, which has no aspirations, is a merely animal existence, satisfied with food, and warmth and shelter.

"How old is that girl?" asked the conductor looking suspiciously at a young lady holding possession of half the seat.

"Shur, an' she's on the nigh side uv sin years."

"Ten years?" said the conductor; "looks like a widow woman; say, let her stand up awhile and rest herself."

"Well, but conductor, she's tall; her standin' is very much longer than her age; but stand up, Margaret, stand up, and av he would luk at yer tattie, show 'em, Margaret."

The girl, who was sitting tall on the seat, seemed to have been a widow herself, and as she towered up in the daylight, she looked something like a lighthouse rising out of a breaking fog. The conductor took a birdseye view of her proportions, and then said:

"I'll take another half fare for this little girl, I guess. I thought she'd show off to better advantage after she telescoped out."

Chaff.

A man has the choice to begin love, but not to end it.

The appreciative "Fat Contributor" speaks of Wiggins as "a weather-beaten prophet."

There is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to have one.

Some hotel clerk must have originated the expression, "There is always room at the top."

Only four of earth's nation are paying their way. The others are probably weighing their weight.

Rhode Island people never write letters to places within the State. When they went anything they "holler."

Brown-eyed daisies slumbering in a dream of cream, is what a western poet calls freckles on the face of a pretty girl.

Preocious boy (munching the fruit of the date-tree)—"Mamma, if I eat enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls, and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged?

"Pro, vos schoot enough, buit dree vos too bloddy," remarked Hans, when his girl asked him to take her mother along to the dance.

The notion of having your house connected with the church by telephone is utterly absurd. How's your wife to see bonnets by telephone?

"Thank heaven," exclaimed a fond father, as he pealed the door at midnight with his howling heifer; "thank heaven you are not two."

When Alexander Gun, an excise officer in Scotland, was dismissed from his employment the following entry was made in the books of the office: "A. Gun discharged for making a false return."

It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring bonnet. He simply has to foot the bill when the thing is brought home.

"Pomade, sir?" politely said a barber to a cranky customer in his chair. "No," he growled; "I don't want any oleomargarine on my head." "All right, sir," replied the cranky manipulator, "I never put butter on cabes."

"A college graduate" writes to inquire if we understand "the generic importance of terms fragment?" We do. We look upon the word as the biography of the first man that ever attempted to trim the tail of a Georgia male.

Standing on Ceremony.—Ida (age seven): "That was a funny story Mr. Dixon told, Aunt Jessie— the one that made you laugh so much. I don't know?" "Yes, "Why don't you laugh, Ida?" "Oh, I don't know. Mr. Dixon wouldn't."

"Ben Butler as saying in justification of his continuing to attend to his law practice: "Governor Talbot did not stop his wooden mills when Governor; why, then, should I stop my jaw mill when I am Governor?"

"Who's elected Senator, Jim?" said one of two bearded individuals as they came into the room. "I don't know," said the other.

"Remember it? I should say I did. That was the year me and Sam Houston came to Texas together. We had a bottle of pure whisky, but it froze solid. We broke the bottle and chipped off our drink with a hatchet."

"Do you remember the Adriatic was frozen over, and the trees burst open with reports like cannons?"

"Of course I do. I had a plantation on the Adriatic, and lost ever so many niggers."

"Then you must remember when the Dardanelles was frozen over in the year A. D. 408, so you must be mistaken in your age. You must be nearly 1,375 years old."

The old man said it was astonishing how tempest fugit, and walked off as balmy as a spring morn."

The Colonel remembered it, and said that he helped to shovel away the snow.

"How old are you, Colonel?"

"I'm a young man yet; only 83 this coming spring."

"Colonel, the only time the Straits of Dardanelles was frozen over was in the year A. D. 408, so you must be mistaken in your age. You must be nearly 1,375 years old."

The old man said it was astonishing how tempest fugit, and walked off as balmy as a spring morn."

HISTORY holds its tugs as to who the pair who first put on the silken harness and promised to work kind in it thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, swim,

to each day. Do not, for the sake of "more land," or saving for others to spend, deny yourself household assistance. Look through each day's programme carefully to see how much that is unnecessary can be cut off, and then, deliberately omit it. Not long since, an "Overworked Woman" wrote a letter for publication in a certain "Household," in which she detailed her day's work. She had a babe in arms, and wood-sawyers to get dinner for; she made pies, cookies and fried cakes, and eleven o'clock found her with the breakfast dishes unwashed. Now it seems to me that a woman not ambitious to be overworked would have substituted a gingerbread and a plain cake, made and baked in the quarter of the time required to make cakes and cookies, equally healthy and palatable, and more economical; and for the "eternal pie" would have had a quickly made and nutritious pudding. But that is the way "we women" do; we go on piling the burdens on our shoulders, and howl for some one to take them off. Far too much suffering, genuine, downright suffering, comes from self-imposed tasks, not necessary to our own or others' happiness or well-being; and inevitably, at some day in our lives, we see for how much of our own distress, failures and shortcomings we, and we only, are responsible.

BEATRIX.

It is quite evident from her beautiful theories on the training of children that our Queen B. has very little practical experience with the infant of To-day. I do not refer to the pattern child who, with clean face and smooth ruffles, sits in his high chair for hours at a time, singing "I want to be an angel;" but to the restless, active, dirty-loving little fellow who is never quiet except when asleep, and so dear to his mother's heart that she can not resist the coaxing plump arms about her neck, the proffered kiss, or the many sweet pleas for pardon which he learns so soon to make. Everything in the world is so fresh to him, and he yearns to try his hand at the stove draughts, the lamp and the sewing machine, while scissors, carving knives, thimbles and forks seem the most desirable of toys.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Prim. "But if he is taught that he can not have such things, there will be no further trouble." Certainly, if he once recognises your higher wisdom and yields to it, but it usually happens that he sees them to-day and wants them just as bad as though they had not been refused him yesterday; and if mamma drops them for a moment or if a chair and table can be used as stepping stones, the cunning fingers snatch them and the alert eyes shine with the joy of an accomplished plan. Then, too, there are times when severe discipline is called for if we settle into more machines for house hold labor. Moreover, there is that in the skillful conduct of domestic affairs which requires and calls into exercise the highest and most noble faculties of the mind. The farm is a little empire, the house its court, where centres all interests, and where the wife and mother is prime minister as well as empress. Here is need for discretion, judgment, reason, calculation; room for inventive skill, imagination, self control and self sacrifice. It is not an ignoble work to set indispensable food before a family, sure to tend to their physical health, and thereby aid in keeping them mentally healthy. Neither is it a "low achievement" to bring up the children, "hostages from Heaven," to honest, true, self reliant man and womanhood.

True life on the farm has its deprivations, but it has also its compensations. Neighbors are few, perhaps uncongenial, but there are books and papers which may to a great extent, and most profitably, take the place of the frequent caller who "runs in" to waste your and her own time in idle gossip, and

